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Among all the magazines and reviews which come to our table none are read with greater interest and profit than *The Comrade*.

*The Moore Enterprise.*

Moore, Oklahoma.

I am much pleased with *The Comrade*, December number. Particularly do I agree with your observations upon Support of the Socialist Press.

*C. E. Boynton, M. D*

Los Barros, Cal.

This is not the first stock that I have been in on and my dividends are coming in fine shape. Like everything that comes from *The Comrade*, your Certificates are works of art, the prettiest picture I have. I am going to frame it. Fraternally

*John Kortan.*

Kalamazoo, Mich.

*What J. Stitt Wilson says about "REVOLUTIONARY ESSAYS", by Peter E. Burrowes.*

I know of nothing in all Socialist literature that states the whole significance of the Socialist movement as does this remarkable book. Perhaps the man himself does not know what a great word he has given to the world. But the world will know it. It marks a new epoch in the Socialist movement. I covet for you the great joy of having a copy of this book that you may read it and re-read it.

# THE COMRADE

## The Times and Their Tendencies

### The Quickening

Are we to have a middle-class revolution in America?

The amazing manner in which the bourgeois periodicals are getting after capitalism would lead one to believe that an attack is brewing which promises to "shake the foundations of society."

A few years ago when the late Henry D. Lloyd put out his "Wealth against Commonwealth," a book which contains all that Ida Tarbell has made public in her McClure's articles,—and more too; it was damned with faint praise. It did not take long for the quiet influence of those whom it attacked to shelf it so that it was never seen upon the book-stalls, and if you wanted it you had to have it dug up for you. Yet this book was, and is, the best of the middle-class protests against the pinch of capitalism that has been written. It simply appeared before its logical constituents had been prepared to receive it. Mr. Lloyd was not a man to size up the literary market. He was an idealist who saw a wrong; believed it menaced republican institutions, and wrote about it.

Not so McClure's magazine.

McClure's did not take up the "cause of the people" until the business instinct of its owner told him there was enough dissatisfaction to make an attack upon monopolistic institutions not only safe but profitable. Mr. Lloyd attacked the Standard Oil company before this public dissatisfaction had developed, and he chose this great monopoly because it was, when he wrote, the only one which had progressed far enough to openly and brazenly defy the laws of the country.

Col. McClure chose the Standard Oil company, not only because public opinion regarding it had developed to a profitable point, but because the Standard Oil company had practically ceased to advertise. It could not therefore bring the usual pressure to bear upon the newspapers which resulted in the burying of Mr. Lloyd's book before the people found out he had written it. The newspapers are always on the side of the public against the organized wrongs which do not patronize their advertising columns. Hence Col. McClure's acumen showed him that they would not only refrain from attacking Miss Tarbell's articles but would help them along by quoting from them.

Another difference is that Mr. Lloyd attacked the wrong with the fervor of a crusader.

Col. McClure looked around for a historian who should be entirely without emotion, and found what he wanted in Miss Tarbell. She set down the facts as dispassionately as a butcher counting the cuts of round steak in a joint of beef. That was well;—let the people know the facts, and let the people judge. But while no one ever took up Mr. Lloyd's book and laid it aside without finishing it, most people got tired of Miss Tarbell's articles before they had finished half of the series.

Once the public pulse had been felt by one publication however, and a feeble beat distinguished, other publications followed helter-skelter; until it developed into a stampede. Leslie's began to roast the "Theatrical Trust"—which doesn't advertise, either; and *Everybody's* eclipsed them all with the picturesque and voluble Lawson's attack on his Wall street enemies. Following this *The Era* brought out a carefully written article upon the great insurance companies which proved all that Lawson had said about them, and somewhat more. The contemporaneous comment upon such a wealth of interesting matter has been enormous, and its effect upon the masses of the people has been unmistakable.

But how is all this to be focalized? And what is its significance?

In all these articles no fundamental principle of wrong has been attacked. It has no significance save as an illustration of one class beating another class at the game they are both playing. Private property in the resources of life; the huge underlying wrong which makes all the lesser wrongs possible, is never hinted at in any of these so-called attacks upon the "system." To those who are not gambling

on the stock exchange; who are not making theatrical ventures; who are not trying for a footing for some small rival of the big insurance combines, these sensational "exposures" mean nothing at all, save an indication of the low state of public morality.

The question then, as to whether we may look for a bourgeois revolution, would seem to answer itself. A revolution cannot progress without a program. Reaction is often mistaken for revolution, but never by the thoughtful. The popular publications referred to do not express even intelligent reaction.

It remains to be seen what Mr. Watson and his proposed Populist magazine has in store for a waiting people. If he is going to be merely reactionary he will succeed only in being impotent; and if he intends to be revolutionary he should come into the Socialist movement and quit his fooling.

It is an interesting commentary upon American morals that instead of focussing attention upon the stupid and daring criminality of those he writes about, Mr. Lawson's writings have served to concentrate most of public attention upon himself. The principal effect of his revelations so far seems to be to induce people to inquire why he is doing it.

The spectacle of a great nation looking on dispassionately at the breaking of its laws, the plundering of its financial sanctuaries, and the pollution of its legislatures and courts of justice, *with no more interest than a speculative one as to the motives of him who reveals it*, has probably no parallel in history. Nero, fiddling while Rome was burning, pales as an example of indifference when compared to a whole nation looking at the debauchery of its tribunals as if it were the concern of the debauchers only.

A certain New York banker who was mentioned in Lawson's January matter, declared, on being apprised that he was to figure in one of the articles, "An hour after the magazine appears in which he dares to connect my name with his frenzied nonsense, I will have him in jail for libel."

The article appeared; the gentleman was shown in an unfavorable light in it; and Mr. Lawson has not yet heard from him.

A little investigation on my own account in Boston among acquaintances who have come in touch with the stock broker, convinces me that the men whom he writes about are afraid of him. They are not only afraid of him legally; they are afraid of him personally.

Lawson is a distinctly American type. He is the gambler; the gambler type which American civilization has produced in sharpest outline. He is capable of great generosity; great recklessness; great courage; and great cruelty. Anyone who will study his photograph in *Everybody's*, reprinted in the "Chapters that have gone Before," will see all this in his face.

But it is his qualities of "legal" defence which make him the more interesting.

For many years he has kept a minute and accurate record of every detail of his business. His interviews are quietly taken down by his stenographers while the fellows who are interviewing him do not know it. Even telephone messages are carefully recorded as to their time, matter, and his replies, if any.

Anyone who has read his articles must have noticed the specific manner in which he refers to the time of certain happenings. This is not due to memory; but to his personal "system." I am told upon reliable authority that before anything is given to the printers, his council of attorneys go over the matter and decide if his statements and accusations could be sustained in court upon the evidence of his letter-files and memoranda.

If this is true, and the frenzied contingent knows it, it is a sufficient reason why he has not been haled into court at least by his neighbor

### Mr. Lawson's Motives

## THE COMRADE

Mr. Whitney, whose family moves in Boston society, and must be more or less embarrassed by the parading of the husband and father as the briber of the Massachusetts legislature. It is right and natural that the legislature should remain discreetly silent and make no move to throw light upon its former records. It is too busy in its routine work of evading the will of the people of Massachusetts, to take up such aspersions of its character. Besides this it has just vindicated its honor by refusing to seat one of its members who was so unfortunate as to be in jail when he was elected.

But Mr. Lawson is after bigger game than \$15-a-week legislators. He knows that these little men are merely effects, not causes. He knows what the causes are. But will he press his inquiry back to the causes,—the real causes, or is he to be content with merely showing how a few big gamblers beat a lot of little ones?

If this is all he is up to it is not worth while to inquire as to his motives. He will not precipitate any middle-class revolution. There is no hope of revolution except in the working-class; and the working-class does not need to wait,—and has not waited—for a signal from Mr. Lawson to begin its agitation.

### Lawson's Local Effects

Standard Oil company have been waiting for the Standard Oil company to checkmate Lawson by choking the circulation of *Everybody's*. The Standard Oil company is now known to be one of the principal railroad owners of the country, and the various news companies operate by contract over the lines of these companies, and are consequently closely allied with them in sentiment. They are in themselves monopolies by railroad privilege and hence are in a class-conscious coterie with all other monopolies. So far, however, although this source seems to have occurred to the Standard Oil bandits, they do not seem to have been able to make it effective.

It appears, on Mr. Rogers having advance information of the character of Lawson's January installment, his lawyers were instructed to serve notice on the American News Company that the article contained "grossly libelous statements concerning Mr. Rogers," and that the company and its officers would "be held liable for the circulation of the magazine containing the offending article." This notice was received by the company after the circulation of the magazine had begun, and no attention seems to have been paid to it. The publishers promptly announced that they would stand back of the News company in any libel proceedings, and Lawson spread himself all over the daily press with paid advertisements to the effect that at last he had made the "Frenzied Financiers" squeal.

This, of course, insured the prompt salé of the 700,000 edition at the advance price of fifteen cents a copy, despite the rumor presumably circulated by Lawson's enemies that *Everybody's* had changed hands and Lawson was sailing for Europe.

The newspapers rushed to see the Standard Oil lawyers, Untermyer and Beck, and showed them Lawson's disgusting advertisement. It was hard to believe that Mr. Rogers had again played into Lawson's hands.

The lawyers, after the manner of their kind, lied transparently in making the admission. Mr. Untermyer said:—

"No such notice has been served of the purport stated. We have merely called the attention of the American News Company to the character of literature that is being fed to a credulous public through the medium of a sensational magazine. We have felt that the American News Company, as a responsible medium for the distribution of magazines, would probably not care to be engaged in that sort of business when its attention was directed to the character of the literature."

This is unaffectedly charming. The ingenuous assumption that the American News Company was ignorant of the character of a magazine it had to charter additional express cars to carry; the contents of which are in every newspaper, and spread all over the bill-boards of the country; and upon which it has been making money hand-over-fist, is worthy of a Standard Oil lawyer.

It looks as if it would be better for the Standard Oil crowd to keep still,—at least until they really have the nerve to do more than bluff, which Lawson so readily and effectively "calls" to his own advantage.

Aside from this little flurry there seem to be no developments promised which can be traced to Mr. Lawson's exposures. His statement that James R. Keene had been buying and selling stocks to himself to bungle the public made it hard for Keene; for Keene's fellow bandits, Harriman and Gates, immediately started in to carve him up for "fictitious trading." Keene denied that Lawson had any evidence of his fictitious trading and declared that he, himself, would at once publish a copy of the letter which Lawson was to give the public in proof. But as soon as Lawson announced that he had lost the letter, Keene immediately lost the copy, so up to date the "good" men on the exchange have not been able to drive him out of their holy company.

For six years more, if a beneficent Providence spares him, the smug and impotent countenance of Chauncey M. Depew is to reflect the light of the Senate chamber at Washington. Mr. Depew goes back not because he is any good to any one, but because just at present the railroad interest hasn't any better. He is a unique figure in the Senate, —shining for what he is not.

There is a great deal of dead wood in the House of Representatives. Out of the 386 members getting \$5,000 a year for representing something or somebody not more than twenty per cent. ever make a speech,—or even ask a question. But the gentlemen in the Senate are of a higher grade of ability. When they do not represent capitalism in the mass, they represent some special interest, and hence are individuals of more or less power in debate. This is what makes Mr. Depew shine. He is distinguished for what he isn't.

Six years ago he was still an available celebrity for dinner-functions. He was much in the public eye, and when the railroad wanted a representative in the Senate, he was naturally thought of. The "business interests" of New York state thought he might be relied upon to render some slight service incidental to his service of the railroads.

But they have had him for six years and he makes them tired.

It was known by everybody that he held his place in the railroad world merely as the personal representative of a single rich and influential family,—the Vanderbilts. His dearest friends never accused him of knowing anything about running a railroad. He was acknowledged to be a very handy man whenever the New York Central wanted a little job done in their interests at Albany, and it is not believed that his influence was in any way uplifting.

Naturally, when he went down to Washington he was dubbed at once "the railroad Senator" and the papers were full of his anecdotes. The country held its breath in anticipation. But nothing came. He talked, but he did not say anything. He amused the galleries, but his abilities as a buffoon did not strengthen his influence as a statesman. He had been for so long the mere lackey of a rich family masquerading under a dignified title, resting upon the laurels won by a smooth tongue without intellectual discipline; that before the end of the first congressional session it took a magnifying glass to discover whether he really represented anything or anybody. He exercised no more influence upon the legislation of the country than if the Senate were a burial vault and he had been buried alive in it. As far as being any good to anybody he might as well have continued to hold down his chair in the Grand Central Station. Instead of justifying his brilliant newspaper record earned by long years of dining out every night he reached his level with a sickening thud and the country forgot he was in the Senate. The Senate itself is not distinguished by any special degree of oratory, and if Mr. Depew falls so flat in addressing that body, one may venture to inquire as to the intellectual character of the people he has been dining with so successfully for so long.

In the returning of Mr. Depew to the Senate we have an illustration of how these servants of the people are elected. He himself has drawn a dreadful picture of what would happen if senators should ever be elected by direct vote of the people. He is known to be a philosophical opponent of any such proposed change in senatorial elections. He has just exemplified the operation of the present method, and it is highly illuminating. The shuffle of secret back-parlor conferences from which Mr. Depew issued bland and smiling, deserves the uproarious applause of a people believing in representative government.

If we inquire just how it was that Mr. Depew came to be again "the people's choice," we find an answer in the pleased and grateful statement of Mr. Depew himself.

"Governor Odell is the man who has brought it about," he said when he learned that he had been positively made good.

But the manner in which Gov. Odell brought it about, and the gentle push that someone gave him quietly out of the dark to crystallize his indecision, is a story that all honest men who believe that the Senate is "elected," should lay well to heart.

Mr. Brackett, of Saratoga, who expected to profit by the displacement of Mr. Depew by Mr. Black, is the man who turns the lime-light upon the pretty business.

Mr. Brackett says that Gov. Odell a year ago entered into a bargain by which Brackett was to become chairman of the state committee. Black was to become United States senator instead of Depew, and a general party reorganization in the state was to follow. Odell took his share in the redivision of power at an early day,—and made sure of it. Then followed the organization of forces for the displacement of Depew by Black. Brackett says that Black became a candidate only at the urgent solicitation of Odell, "and with many misgivings that Odell would prove a quitter." He then goes on to say:—

Early this week it became evident that the quitting time had come, and with other friends I went to New York, and Tuesday

### Mr. Depew Scores

## THE COMRADE

evening, from about 11 to 1 o'clock, at the republican club, six of Gov. Black's friends interviewed Gov. Odell. He immediately answered that we could not succeed in electing Gov. Black. He was told that in view of his assertion a week before that there were too sure votes for Gov. Black, his statement was amazing, but he still persisted in his claim that it could not be done. A list of legislators was then gone over and his own estimate taken as to every one, when it still appeared that a clear majority was for Black, counting not a single doubtful vote. It was then said to him it was manifest that his claim was a mere subterfuge, and that we had a right to know what there was behind it all. He finally gave as his only reason that it would break one of his dearest friendships of a lifetime should he persist in his support of Gov. Black.

Who then was the friend? If we find the friend we will know who it was who elected Mr. Depew. As far as the people were concerned Black had as good a chance as Depew. There was no popular movement back of either of them. But up to the night of that meeting at the republican club Black had the boss's influence; which was equivalent to election. It was interesting to note how absolutely Black's candidacy collapsed as soon as it was given out at republican headquarters that Depew was "the people's choice."

Who then advised Mr. Odell to betray his partners and announce to the world that "the people" demanded six years more of the distinguished service of Mr. Depew? It does not need the irate Mr. Brackett to tell us.

The man who touched Mr. Odell's shoulder and moved him to see that Mr. Depew was the people's choice was Edward H. Harriman, the railroad "king"; and the railroad king was commissioned to do it by authority of the 60 great corporations which furnish the campaign and corruption fund of the republican party in the state, *in every one of which corporations Mr. Depew is a dummy director.*

Mr. Depew as "the people's choice" is like a comic valentine sent to cheer one dying of starvation. He has not the virility even to creditably represent publicly before the people the power which is crushing them.

### Connecticut's Infamy

It is the state of Connecticut, in which a special magazine is published to set forth the glory of this historic commonwealth, that is to send to the United States Senate a man of the lowest grade of public morality yet revealed in such a candidate.

There were originally two candidates, Morgan G. Bulkley and One-hundred-thousand-dollar Fessenden, both of whom are known to be strangers to honesty in any guise.

One-hundred-thousand-dollar-Fessenden has been eliminated, which leaves Mr. Bulkley as the uncontested choice "of the people."

The following question and answer, preferred and replied to publicly, gives gauge of the character of the man who is to sit in the next congress as the senator from Connecticut:—

Question: "Do I infer that it is lawful and right for you as a candidate for office to buy a vote which is for sale?"

Answer (by Mr. Bulkley): "I think it is right for a candidate to secure that man's vote, if he is without principle and ignorant, by any means you can use."

It seems almost incredible that the people of this great state, knowing the character of this man,—a bribe who has the brazen effrontery to publicly defend bribery—should be willing to sit supinely while such a villain reaches out and takes the highest office in the gift of any state. And yet but a single voice was raised above the sodden and vulgar content with its infamy in which the state wallows.

A preacher named Smyth undertook to rouse the public sentiment against the election of another moral leper to the United States Senate.

He failed. The newspapers of the state ridiculed him. Public sentiment had been bought and paid for. The newspapers had been "fixed." The Springfield *Republican*, the last surviving example of decent journalism in New England, attempted to support Mr. Smyth's effort, although published outside the state. This led the local newspapers to refer contemptuously to the *Republican* as having "bitten in."

The republican caucus in one small town in the state passed a resolution declaring that "candidates for the exalted position of United States senator should always be men of unblemished private and political character."

That was all. These ripples alone disturbed the sweet tranquility of a positive public knowledge that this man Bulkley would reduce the fair fame of Connecticut to the bottom of the political pit. And so Mr. Bulkley will next December add his smiling and polluting presence to the already fetid atmosphere of the "upper House" at Washington.

It is hard for the few lovers of decency and liberty of choice in public servants to wait for the steady growth of Socialism to sweep this whole rotten and infested system out of existence, and yet impatience will not avail. It requires that the "system" be exhibited as it is being exhibited; it requires that men should go to the senate who have the courage to justify their infamy, in order that the people may

see that the system itself is the thing that is wrong. When the operation of capitalist politics is finally displayed in all its putridity, and its processes are so adjusted that no public protest can even find expression, as in Connecticut, then evolution will have reached its limit and revolution will have begun.

The game of bluff and wheedle in which the managers of New England railroads are meeting the proposition of federal interference with their "private business" is as good as a comedy. In President Mellon's remark that \$7,000 a year commissioners couldn't do much pitted against \$50,000 a year attorneys, we have the attitude of the New York, New Haven and Hartford directory. They mean to defeat the will of the people by smartness, placed where it will do the most good.

But now Mr. Tuttle, shrewd Yankee that he is, beats up to windward with the Boston and Maine's budget. Their scheme is to make the working class serve the devil by slyly covering his hoofs and horns with a mantle of self-interest. In fact Mr. Tuttle tells his "fellow railroad employees" that his wages, and the munificent wages they themselves are receiving, will be jeopardized by the federal interference with their time-honored custom of holding up the people along their streaks of rust.

While addressing the Bay State division of the order of railway conductors Mr. Tuttle said:—

"Upon the price at which transportation is sold depends the sum that every one of us shall receive for his labor."

This is very impressive; only it isn't so. The price is only one element. The volume of business is the greatest factor; and the price is often so high as to choke it; then the railroad does not pay. Then Mr. Tuttle forgets the large number of people who are living in idleness upon the dividends paid whenever a business like a railroad, which should properly be public, is operated for private profit, as is the Boston and Maine.

If the Boston and Maine railroad were owned and operated by the people, as the railroads of Switzerland are, not so many apples would rot in the orchards because it does not pay to pick them. There are thousands of children in South Boston who never know the taste of an apple. The railroads are choking and stifling the lives of the people, and it is because at last the people are developing the discernment to realize it that this demand for government interference is arising.

Mr. Tuttle's further remarks are, or ought to be, of interest to those cautious persons who are afraid if the people owned their own highways that the government employees would get into politics. He says:—

"Therefore we should see to it that the power is not put into the hands of a few men who know nothing about the business to regulate the charges so that the salaries of you all shall be reduced. You have an organization that is part of a greater organization, which is one of a dozen others, made up entirely of railroad workers. The organization is powerful at Washington, and its voice is listened to by representatives and senators."

If it is a danger for government workmen to go into politics for their own good, how about their going in for the good of the monopolies?

This speech of the sly Mr. Tuttle is a hint of what we will get when the demand for public ownership gets really hot. And everybody knows that Mr. Tuttle and his class will succeed in voting great numbers of shallow-witted employees who will work for their perpetual enslavement under the conviction that they are saving their hides.

Mr. Mellon's scheme of defeating the people's will with money does not really seem as good strategy as Mr. Tuttle's scheme to defeat it with ignorance. Ignorance is, in the last analysis, the real bulwark of all kinds of private-profit-making graft, and hence all far-sighted capitalist statesmanship will aim to perpetuate it.

New England has other troubles beside those which seem to be casting shadows over her public-spirited railroad presidents. It does not take the gift of second sight to foretell for the New England states a period of depression which will bring to the state of Massachusetts, in particular, unparalleled economic suffering.

A long-continued strike like the one at Fall River works out finally through the whole state, checking the demand for every kind of product. Twenty-five thousand people in a single state so impoverished that they cannot buy potatoes, are not without effect upon men who are growing potatoes to sell. The market is deadened,—for everything that twenty-five thousand people use.

If one has looked into conditions at Fall River and in consequence realizes how shallow the reason for shutting down was, "the high price of cotton," he will see in the recent liquidation of the Boott company at Lowell something more than an economic accident.

This company operating cotton mills at Lowell was capitalized at \$1,200,000. Last month its stockholders authorized the directors to liquidate, and go out of business. It was incorporated in 1835, and of

### Mr. Tuttle Speaks

### New England's Plight

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late years had produced annually about 24,000,000 yards of fancy goods, sheetings, lawns and toweling. It has employed as high as 2,000 operatives, but of late 1,500 have been on the pay-roll. The mills have 3,800 looms and 150,000 spindles.

President Arthur Lyman said at the special meeting which resulted in liquidation, that the corporation had been compelled to liquidate because of the growing competition of the southern mills, with their larger buildings, more modern machinery, and *low-priced help.* He added that the experience of this company has a direct bearing upon the present condition in Fall River, inasmuch as the Fall River mills are "confronted with the same adverse elements that have proved too much for the Boott mills to resist."

The Boston newspapers are trying by all kinds of specious and transparent arguments to prove that these things do not mean the forcing of New England out of the cotton manufacturing business, but all these brave protestations are for the benefit of the landlord interests who know that an admission of the truth would send the value of their holdings tumbling. The mill owners at Fall River want to sell their wretched tenements, which they also own, before admitting that Fall River is dead, and will stay dead, until the people come to their own. It is perfectly transparent—the reason for keeping the starving operatives at Fall River hoping that good times may come back

and that comfortable living may return to their wretched homes. All this cry throughout New England for a revision of the tariff is being promoted by the landowners in the hope that if the mills could secure the near markets of Canada for their stuff for just a little while a gasp of life might be perpetuated. It is pitiful. But the New England mill-owners who saw long ago what was coming, and pulled out for the sunny south where they can make profit out of the lives of little children, have too much influence in Congress even to let their old competitors have the breathing-spell they are crying for.

All of the Douglasses that might be elected from now till the crack o' doom on tariff bugging cannot save the New England cotton industry, and it is an unspeakable crime to keep the working class hoping, and yearning, and occasionally committing suicide, while every one knows that New England has got to expiate to the bitter end the national crime of permitting the gradual murder of the working-class children of the south for private profit.

*Franklin St. Wentworth*

## The Power of the Unified Mind

By Peter E. Burrowes



HAVE been looking into a newspaper volume by James Creelman, "On the Great Highway." Creelman is one of the most distinguished journeymen writers of our newspaper times, who like any other hired man takes a job to paint your house the way you want it, takes a job to paint a pope, a Tolstoy or a military campaign according to the policy of the paper which gives him the contract.

If Creelman has any mind of his own it may be that his close friends could tell its central point of unity; but in this volume of customer's essays you will look in vain to find it. Hired to paint a pope by the papistical New York *Herald*, he is the most reverent American that ever took ship. Hired to paint Tolstoy he loses his pious limpness and lifts up his head a little more like a man debating. There being no new market in the Vatican for American goods he leaves the white pope glittering within a cloud of superstitious wonder and impeccability. Quite a different result from that which is to follow his interview with the King of Korea. For he says: "The artificial majesty of kings after all counts for little before the levelling process of the modern newspaper. It may be intrusive, it may be irreverent, it may be destructive of sentiment; but it gradually breaks down the wall of tradition and prejudice that divides the human race. . . . It introduces the King to the peasant." At the Vatican he broke down no wall of tradition, he disturbed not a brick; here in Corea he is quite another man. At the Vatican he represented the cowardice of commercial thought. Before the disarmed Tolstoy, a man spiritually so much greater than the pope, he represented the conceit and arrogance of commercial thought. Before the King of Corea he represents the sinister hypocrisy of commercial thought with its mission for the unity of nations. At the Vatican he gloats over the supremacy of one and the prostration of all other men. Before Tolstoy, whom he mistakes for a Socialist, he says that "Americans believe that when you try to level man you level him downwards and that society yields the power of government to restrain the ruthless and lawless and to enforce contracts. He simmers down here to the ultimate fact of contracts by specifying the necessity of compelling men to build railroads and bridges, but fails to mention that fortunes for the contractors is the *sine qua non* of railroads and bridges. Certainly the eyes of hireling writers are eyes of wonder to those who note how variously they see. To have written at different times for different masters suffices for all diversity. They do not even rise to the perverse unity of view which obtains among their employers.

When Gladstone died, middle class England lavishly praised him, but it was left for this clumsy American to say that he was the man who changed the monarchy of England into a democracy without shedding blood. While this has the merit of attributing great national changes to the high pitched man and would on that account commend itself to our Roosevelts, it is very clumsy to set up another democracy beside us as a complement to a single man, who is not Washington. A mind of any unity would hardly fail, while writing of the pope and of the King of Corea, to note them as two similar superstitions, the one consistently dying before the advance of commerce, the other yet a

little while surviving because it has learned to ride in the merchant's chariot.

A reactionary of the most nightward tendencies might gather material for a bible of barbarism out of the columns of the toughs who can write under the name of "special correspondents." But to the average intellect it is only required that these ambitious rough writers suffer themselves to be gathered together in a volume to reveal the shattering of the mind brought about by modern capitalistic journalism. As the evolution of society consists of a revolving back to the communistic experience of years told by decades of thousands in the past, so the mind of the race, now broken to its billions of ego atoms, painfully climbs the same spiral through the perplexities and against the armed incursions of moral and religious falsehoods back to the one mind of the race which was conceived in savage communism, born into literature in the twelfth century, matured by the economic experiences of feudal and capitalist slavery, and now in due season is about to reach its majority through the consciousness and revolt of the last class of the world's slaves.

Man's soul, a unit of the whole, man's mind, the mind of the whole, with its subordinate, instead of dominant, personal expressions of gifted persons is at the very door. We have teachers of a professedly cosmic outlook who nevertheless break their cosmos into syllogisms or specializations resulting practically in the same journalistic broken mind. Very much of the science of our own time is so departmental and out of immediate conscious reference to the unity and use of man that the visions of a wide one world, new and wonderful, has not given through the churches anything to the soul of the twentieth century equal to the economics of Socialism.

Nine hundred years ago the philosophy of its own self was offered to the human race; but the economic and governmental conditions then represented by the Roman Church was too much for it, as it has been for most other greatly human things ever since. Averroes, the Arabic commentator of Aristotle, by all accounts himself a peer of Aristotle, is the Messiah of human philosophy. That school of thought took root in Northern Italy, and from the North of Italy the Socialists today inherit after centuries of test and variation a legitimate branch of that good old plant in the mind and writings of Loria. For let it never be forgotten that the mind is a united faculty of the whole race to which the greatest thinker at his best only gives a temporary individual expression and in every generation there is somewhere to be found a man, call him great or small, who expresses man as a united mind. No doubt every individual is to some extent an expression of man—but the philosopher is always extant, and Averroes in the twelfth century was then that man.

Commonly we speak as if the Christian Church is today opposed to Socialism by the mere accident of its present economic relations with the capitalist class. But the antipathy of Christianity to Socialism is the ancient antipathy of individualism to any racial aspect of things involving common rather than class morals. It is not as an institution of today only, based upon today's supremacy of private above public interest that the church opposes Socialism. It opposes Socialism because it first appeared in the world as the religious expression of high egoism versus the race; and it has not and cannot change its antipathy

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to common men, for the ethics of Christianity are the opposite of the ethics of Socialism.

The philosophy of the common mind sounded the first note of modern science. It was Averroes who called upon the demonstrators to separate religion from philosophy and to begin the great examination of nature as it is. It was the Christian Church which struggled for ages by paper logic to unite religions with science in the swaddling clothes of private dominion and its theology.

The eternal movement which is life, expresses itself in a continuous production of new forms, not finalities; a constant moving away from its own latest, but never its last. In the realm of paper logic, however, this life is a repugnant thing; final syllogisms and final dogmas are the constant quest of the paper scholar, the paper priest, the paper king.

The united mind disclosed by Averroes had its antichrist, its imitative shadow, as all great verity has. And this shadow appeared in response to the needs of a great Christian Roman empire as the Catholic Church, the antichrist of race unity, a church of paper catholicity consisting of finalities in the form of paper dogma. Around this antichrist of human unity the ecclesiastical Rome was built. But when the paper envelopes are all stripped off in search of the soul of it, there is no other soul to be found but the ravening wolf of private property and the royal egoistic lion of private dominion above the public life.

When we turn over the leaves of John Henry Newman's "Apologia," we find that in the forefront of his hankering after a Roman unity of the Christian churches, this first of all appears, an inveterate aristocratic conservatism, an open hatred for the Catholic movement as headed by Daniel O'Connell, because that was a movement of the common people with a tendency towards liberal affiliations. The Catholicity he wanted and got, was the old Catholicity of Constantine, the Catholicity of the rulers above the slaves.

To personify the collective sainthood of the past, to make the whole ancient church a unit and a reservoir of sacramental grace to modern sinners, to organize antiquity in the hands of a living priesthood under the control of a living aristocracy was the fascinating dream of Newman and his colleagues, and it was fascinating because it was the antichrist shadow of a part of the greater truth uncovered by Averroes and destined to be completed by the matter of fact

revolution of capitalist industrialism into the democracy of Socialism and the equality of all men. The power of the united mind first pronounced by Averroes and now carried on by Socialism, is not the shattered mind of the literary swash-bucklers of the American capitalist nor of the theological nobility of Rome nor Lambeth. Between these there lies the whole actual evolution of the human understanding from private property childhood to the magnificent grace of collective life.

When man has learned how to set social limits to private right in the soil, when the slaves can retreat from the cities to the open country, there to occupy for public use and own for public using, the powers of capitalistic money property must certainly dwindle. When man has learned how socially to direct the quantity of his products, when he knows where the stuff is going through knowing just what is being done in other parts of the world; when the study of other parts of the world's doing will be the primary study for directing his own; when every community is regulated by the social facts which are outside of it, not long will it be before every man is spiritually so regulated.

Co-operation is the antithesis of the imaginary inside man, that shining bubble of the vain egoist property Christian. It will give for the first time the right of a soul and the right soul to the common people. It will develop the final dynamic spiritual truth that all the people have one mind, one interest, one law, one inheritance, one racially contained soul and that soul is God, the God of humanity.

I do not believe there is a controlling God in the universe outside of the race man; but I believe *He* is being made. I think the human race has not only given birth to and nourished its own God by ages of individual experience passing up to the undivided mind of us all, but that the human race experience (its own soul and its own God-creator) is performing the very same function to Cosmos, giving it ethical forms, cultivating into it a universal mind, a conscience and a God. For earth is the Bethlehem of the stars, the cradle where the spiritual life of Cosmos must be born. Out of the broken impressions and gropings of our subjective minds as they pass up to the one energetic intellect of Averroes, there is born that which travels farther. Man is at once the sensorial and spiritual organ of creation. In the cradle of our piling egoism, behold, we are nursing a soul, a God, for the half-conscious universe.

## A Song of Labor

By Helen Cary Chadwick

  
SING a song of Labor!—  
Of strugglers to be free.  
I sing a song of millions  
Who dare to do and be.  
The Phenix of the ages;  
The hosts of Light whence ran  
Creation's glorious gospel  
Of work, bequeathed to man.

Grappling the throat of nations,  
The Church and State have bred  
Their drones to rob the living  
And fatten on the dead.  
Labor has fought their battles,  
Labor has wrought their crown,  
And won a chain for guerdon,  
Oblivion for renown.

Laugh ye, insensate brothers?  
Lo, even as the sand  
Is numbered on the seashore,  
So comes his gathering band.  
A Man! for such God made you,  
To labor and to rule;  
Of no man the despoker,  
And of no man the tool.

Who fed and clothed the armies—  
Rewarded by a frown?  
Who built the priest his temple?  
Who made the road and town?  
Their unknown names are legion;  
But where, on any soil,  
Is reared their shaft of honor,—  
The record of their toil?

Where rulers fought to ruin,  
Labor rebuilt the state;  
Where bloody faiths contended,  
Labor outwitted hate.  
And hymns were sung of heroes,  
And martyrs' wreaths were wove,  
For kings whose soldiers conquered,  
And saints whose converts strove.

The stars have sung rejoicing,  
And so shall you, despite  
Ye curse the dawning era,  
And wrestle with its light.  
Join in! I hear the chorus—  
Jehovah's marching spheres—  
Exalt the praise of Labor  
Through all th' eternal years.

No wonder crowds are staring  
To see the slave of years  
Rise up, and look with longing  
Down justice's long arrears.  
Stand back! a Man is waking  
That never yet knew birth,  
Since Adam turned a toiler  
And broke the virgin earth.

Stand back, ye vain self-seekers,  
With faith in sloth and sin!  
A Man has come among you—  
Your Savior let him in.  
Look on him with contrition,  
For ye shall work and pray—  
Shall faint with toil and longing  
To be like him some day.



## THE COMRADE

### Laurence Gronlund



THE term "co-operative commonwealth," which has passed into such general use in England and this country, may be said to have been popularized by the title of Laurence Gronlund's earliest exposition of Socialism, published twenty years ago. In this fact is summed up the significance of his intellectual leadership. He will be remembered because he interpreted Marxian Socialism for English-speaking readers in language they could understand. He prepared the way for Edward Bellamy and for a newer school of American Socialist writers who are at this time coming into prominence.

Gronlund amplified the Socialist theories of "The Co-operative Commonwealth" in a later work entitled "The New Economy," published a few months previous to his death. He also wrote "Our Destiny," a series of essays on what may be called the religion of Socialism, and "Ca Ira," a study of the French Revolution. "Ca Ira," the work by which he is least known, he considered his greatest book. All of his writings are in the highest sense valuable, representing, as they do, a union of keen mentality with overwhelming moral enthusiasm.

Gronlund was not merely a great writer, he was a great personality. He was that rare combination of qualities in this or any age—an absolutely unselfish man. He was very poor. His books, though they brought him intellectual reputation, brought him little money. He has related how he slept out of doors in city parks, and how, more than once, after addressing audiences and shaking hands with sympathizers, he went out into the night penniless and hungry. He seemed to care nothing about himself. It was a matter of no account to him whether he had good clothes to put on his back, or rags. He seemed indifferent as to whether he had good food, or bad food, or no food at all. He was possessed by his ideal, and he asked for nothing but an opportunity to preach it.

Those of us who met Gronlund during the last months of his life, when he was earning a regular salary on the editorial staff of the *New York Journal*, remember a figure with no special claims to distinction. There was something almost phlegmatic in his face and general appearance, and he puffed away continually at a short pipe; but his eyes would light up as he talked of subjects that interested him. Born in Denmark, he retained until the end of his life unmistakable signs of his foreign origin. He dressed in shabbiest clothes, with hat crushed over his forehead, and he used to wander through the city streets as a man in a day-dream, sometimes reading a book as he walked, at other times absorbed in a new problem or idea.

Once in a great while a man of the Gronlund type appears. He strives; he suffers; he dies; he seems to fail. But his magnificent idealism enters into the life and thought of the race, and his indomitable courage becomes a part of the permanent heritage of humanity.

Leonard D. Abbott.



IN spirit I stand at the grave of Laurence Gronlund, the Socialist and martyr. In fancy I see his magnanimous face, hear his earnest voice and feel the grasp of his friendly hand—and my heart is in my mouth as I write this feeble tribute of my love and veneration for one whose life was a ceaseless sacrifice to a cause to which he gave his ripest thought and unrelaxing energy, and which, with the inspired vision of a prophet, he saw would eventually baptize the world with effulgent and perennial glory.

Was our comrade a visionary? So was the old Hebrew prophet, who saw the full-orbed millennial era when nations should "beat their swords into pruning-hooks and their spears into plow-shares" and "learn war no more," a condition for which Laurence Gronlund labored and suffered in shine and storm, sounded all the depths of poverty and walked with unbowed head in the valley and shadow of death. His great soul soared infinitely above all discouragements. He lived and wrought on the highlands of hope. He worked for a perverse generation, and whether sleeping in a garret or when his couch was a bench with heaven's starry mantle over him, or crouching under some sheltering stairway, his heart throbbed, until death stilled it, only to the battle march of human progress.

Though dead, he lives in his works. His books are his eternal monuments. He lived gloriously in advance of his time.

Laurence Gronlund was the Abou Ben Adhem of his generation—he loved his fellowmen. He sought to lift the working class out of ignorance and degradation; to make the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the lame walk and prepare them for the new dispensation of liberty when the world's workers, redeemed from the enthrallments of wage slavery, shall rejoice in the full fruition of life, freedom and joy, secured to them by the genius of Socialism.

Our beloved comrade sleeps well. His humble grave is hallowed soil. The invisible monument that rises above his pulseless form is grander than any marble mausoleum built for a king.

In the midst of his great sufferings he was serene. He yielded only to the inevitable and death never translated to the realms of immortality a more intrepid soul.

The grave of Laurence Gronlund is a shrine where Socialist pilgrims may renew their allegiance to the great cause he loved and labored for with all his strength of mind and heart, and here I lay the humble tribute of my remembrance and respect.

Eugene V. Debs.

### The Tramp and the Individualist

By Helen L. Sumner



HE "Weary Willie" of the highways and the poet, of prose or verse, starving in his garret, may seem to be merely neighbors on the "Funny Page," but at bottom are they not own brothers, if not in comedy at least in tragedy? Bitter complaint is made of the tramp because he will not work. He should, according to the smug philanthropic view, be glad to weed sugar beets in the field or stitch seams in the sweat shop, according to the needs of the season and the dictates of capital. He may have been educated to the printing trade, or he may not have been educated at all. He may find his occupation distasteful. It is a choice of evils to him at best, and he chooses to sacrifice those personal comforts which the wage system might have given him for the sake of the variety and freedom in the life of the hobo. The man of letters, on the other hand, may have been educated for a lawyer or for an idler. He may find his occupation distasteful or he may lose his money. He must either sacrifice his inclinations or his personal comfort, and he chooses the garret and his dreams and ideals. Both would rather be free and starve on

little or nothing than be bound to a remunerative employment and have a sufficiency of the necessities of life. In spite of Puritan ancestors it takes only five weeks as a tramp to generate the attitude of mind which says: "The physical discomforts of an untrammeled life under the trees in the parks, or elsewhere, were trivial as compared to the obligations and limitations of social life." But the tramp does not usually belong to the "articulate classes" and we hear little of his "Wanderlust." A George Gissing abandons school teaching for literature, and all the ordinary comforts of modern life become unattractive to him. He lives in cellars, performs his ablutions in the lavatory of the British Museum, and eats—where and when it is possible. Laurence Gronlund, M. A., or some other man with social dreams, stirs through the evening the hearts and minds of an attentive audience, and later crawls under the steps of the hall where he has spoken for a night's lodging. The tramp is a degraded parasite, while high aspirations and ideals shape the life of the student poet. Nevertheless, from one point of view they are brothers of one family, and the tramp has as much right as has the literary man to the name individualist.



THE COMRADE



THE DYING TRAMP

*By Adolph Legros*

## The Reflections of an Agitator

By One of the Least



T is about four months since I took a bundle of Socialist literature under each arm, stuck a pencil through my black hair, and took the open road with the intention of turning the world upside down.

In these four months I have learned many things. Listen and I will tell you.

I have learned that there is more truth and honor and courtesy in the world than I had hoped to find.

I have learned (and this is the most encouraging of all the things I have learned) that the people are NOT content. Of course no one expects any intelligent citizen to be content with our present condition of things, but some of the most ignorant and dirty and degraded of all I have met are fiercely discontented. In this there is hope.

I have learned how the hunted creature feels with a pack of enemies behind it.

I have learned how it feels to be thankful for a free lunch and for a free patch on the sole of one's shoe. Bliss Carmen considers the former experience a *sine qua non* of the true poet. I suppose the latter is a *sine qua non* of the true agitator.

I have learned that it is a little thing to be misunderstood, a very little thing—but it hurts.

I have learned that the most chivalrous heart often beats beneath the shabbiest coat.

I have learned that it is not wise to mention the emancipation of woman in the presence of some individuals belonging to that species which Professor Kirkpatrick used to call "the kid glove crowd." They seem to think the only liberty women want is the liberty to be as wicked as themselves.

I have learned that it is not wise to defend my fallen sisters nor even to speak as though I belong to the same human race. I cannot understand the bias of a mind that thinks less of one for a thing like that. When I defend the miners or the children of the factories no one thinks I am a miner or child-slave. No one suspected Harriet Beecher Stowe of being a negro because she wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It's a strange world.

I have learned that Lowell's rule of human conduct, namely:

Be noble and the nobleness that lies  
In other hearts, sleeping but never dead,  
Shall rise in majesty to meet thine own—

is not infallible.

I have learned that this profit-seeking, suspicion-breeding system of single-handed warfare (each against all) must be destroyed, root and branch, before the "institution of the dear love of comrades" can begin to establish itself on earth.

Other lessons like unto these I have learned also, and of them all I shall heed some, but some shall go unheeded.



## To Skin or to be Skinned

By David Waters



N THE COMRADE for December there appears a plaint of Ernest Crosby on American low ideals. His words struck home. I laid down the page to think the matter over. To skin, or not to skin—that is the question. But it is not the question. To skin or to be skinned is the question.

Under capitalism dishonorable actions are absolutely and without exception unavoidable. Even if one be or become "independent," what then? One cannot purchase the barest necessities of life without engaging in exploitation. Tipping the newsboy will not do justice to the pressmen or paper makers nor relieve the paragrapher from the necessity for soul stultification. Nor will buying union made clothing do justice to the lives crushed in the mills or maimed on the railways.

Under capitalism the fortunate few may be generous, but no man can be just. Justice rests on equality of opportunity, and this in turn on social ownership of the means of wealth production. No man can with justice fix the reward of toil for himself or for another. All must do this for each and each for all.

The highest ethics we can have at present are love and generosity, if we can afford such luxuries. Let us try not to skin or to be skinned any more than we have to. And especially not to skin our comrades,

not forgetting those who by voice or pen are devoting their lives to the cause.

An acceptance of the economics of Socialism does not call one under capitalism to practice the ethics of Socialism. The "rich young man" of today is not required "to sell all he hath and give unto the poor," neither "to sell all his possessions and lay at the feet of the disciples," should he wish to enter the Socialist ranks. These have their special problem to wrestle with, and deserve neither envy nor condemnation.

Nor is even that comrade blameworthy who illustrated his position on this question the other day by the following story: "I was asked to join in a four-handed game of euchre the other evening," he said. "One of my friends asked if the 'joker' should go in the pack. I objected, but the other three voted me down. The 'joker' went in, but the very first deal it came to me. I voted against it, but when the chance came to me, I played it for all it was worth. I vote against the capitalist system, but whatever few opportunities may come to me from the possession of property in the game of life as we all must play it today, I shall use for all they are worth."

But Mr. Crosby does not complain particularly of the Socialists. And indeed he cannot. Our *ideals* are all right. The Socialist ideals of brotherhood, of abundance for all earth's children, of development along their chosen path for all, limited only by the capacities and desires of the individual,—these surely are not low ideals. But ideals cannot become realities in an unsuited economic environment. The ethics of a class or people are suited always to its economic limitations. Search for the *cause* of American low ideals, Bro. Crosby, and you will find it in the daily practice of inferior ethics and this in turn in the economic conditions that affect the daily lives of the American people.

If this seems to you unreasonable, Bro. Crosby, the moral is clear. Remove the cause. Do what you can to improve the economic conditions of the people and of all peoples, and then it will be possible for them to transform their highest ideals into living realities.

"The dreams that nations dream come true" and the dreams that dreamers dream come true also when they are impressed upon the nation.



Pshaw! It's only a Mouse!

—Baltimore News.

# THE COMRADE



THE SLEEPING GIANT IS AT LAST AROUSED

## The Workers and the Autocracy of Russia

By Jaakoff Prelooker

From "Russia, What she was and what she is".



CORDING to the latest census, the population of the Russian empire amounts to about 135 millions, and consists of some 112 different races and nationalities. This means about 15 persons to each square mile; so that Russia is about 25 times more thinly populated than Great Britain. There cannot, therefore, be any question about lack of land for the population, if that land were more or less equitably distributed. The first moral to draw from this fact is that Russia's historical expansion, which has always developed along the line of least resistance, was not necessitated by natural and national causes, but was the result of the greed and ambition of conquerors alone, just as the famous march of Napoleon on Moscow was the work of his own unbounded lust of power, and not of France as a nation.

However, when we examine closely the distribution of the ownership of land among the several classes and divisions of the Russian population, we find that by far the largest majority of the Russian people have really no space to live upon, no land to cultivate and make a living by. According to the latest census the nobility and the clergy form each 1 per cent. of the population, burghesses and commoners 9 per cent., military 6½ per cent., and various agricultural classes 81½ per cent. The area of land owned by private individuals in the forty-six provinces of European Russia present the following striking figures, as supplied by the Department of Agriculture in its report for 1902:—

Nobility .....	181,606,519
Merchants .....	36,321,303
Peasants .....	35,141,886
Burgesses and Commoners .....	8,381,839
Different Classes .....	5,673,289
Total .....	267,124,836

The nobility numbering in round figures about 1,400,000, and the agricultural classes about 110,000,000, we arrive at the startling fact that while the tiller of the soil and tax-payer possesses on the average about one-third of an acre, the Russian nobleman, who does not pay taxes, possesses on an average some 128. In other words, speaking diagrammatically, from every 384 loaves of bread produced by the Russian agriculturist the noble land-owner alone takes away some 383 loaves for himself, leaving one loaf to the producer, from which the latter has yet to devote a part to satisfy the State tax collector, etc. No wonder, then, that the cry of "No land" is universal amongst the Russian peasantry, who are compelled to migrate either to distant Siberian regions or to other countries.

The Statistical Committee of the province of Voronezh has investigated not long ago the annual incomes of 67 peasant families, selected in such a way as to fairly represent the whole agricultural population. It has been found that the average Russian family consists of eight members, counting the married sons or daughters living with their parents. The gross cash revenue from the sale of farm produce and all other sources was just about \$105, of which some \$49, or nearly one-half, went to pay taxes and rents, leaving thus the sum of \$56 for all other necessities, such as the purchase of agricultural implements, household

furniture, articles of clothing, kerosene, salt, tea, sugar, soap, the priest's dues on various occasions, etc., etc., during the whole year for a family of eight.

With such miserable earnings existence becomes will-nigh impossible, and the only way to manage to live is either not to pay taxes, or to go about hungry and unclothed, or partially to adopt both methods, which latter alternative is practically the case in such instances.

On the one hand, arrears of taxes are increasing at an alarming pace. On the other hand, the Russian peasantry do not, in fact, consume food-stuffs enough to maintain normal health, and live constantly in a state of semi-starvation. According to the investigations of the well-known Russian economist, Prof. Isaieff, the peasants consume 20 per cent. less food than is required, other investigators raising this percentage to 30 even. As to clothing, it is well-known that the mouzhik's sheep-skin does duty by day and night, and is donned in turn by father, mother, little son or daughter, while the famous Lapti or bark-tree shoes of domestic manufacture serve as the popular foot-gear, a pair of real boots being a sign of exceptional prosperity, in spite of illustrated papers representing the average Russian invariably in a pair of excellent top-boots.

The poverty of the Russian agriculturist becomes intensified from the lack of horses, which are manifestly the first necessity in a farming household. Statistics show that on an average there is only one horse to each five peasant families. In many provinces there is only one horse to each eight families. In the province of Riazan, out of 80,000 peasant farmers, 32,000 had no horse at all, and 21,000 had neither horse nor cow.

In numerous provinces tens of thousands of peasants reduced to complete mendicancy are compelled to sell their future labor in advance to a special kind of contractors commonly known under the befitting name of "Dushe-prodavtsi," or *dealers in souls*, who to all practical intents and purposes turn their human merchandise into a state of slavery of even a worse kind than that of the days of the legal existence of serfdom. The Russian economist P. A. Sokolovsky in a work published not long ago tells us that these soul-dealers buy up during the winter wholesale men, women and children for nominal prices, and then re-sell or hire them out to various employers of labor for double or even treble the money they have paid themselves. To legalize these transactions the dealers resort to the simple method of lending money to the needy peasants at incredible rates of interest which are counted by the month, and amount ordinarily to between 200 per cent. —400 per cent. annual interest on the capital borrowed, and sometimes even to 800 per cent! Such cases have been again and again reported in the Russian press and even officially by the members of the Imperial Economic Society, who brought them to the notice of both the Ministers of Finance and of the Interior, but without anything being done by the latter to check this evil. The peasants thus borrowing of course can never repay their debts, their property is then sold at auction for a trifling sum, whole farms with their appliances being sometimes knocked down for twenty-five or thirty dollars. But the sums realized from such sales are far from covering the financial liabilities of the ruined peasant, who must pay up the balance to his creditor with personal labor. Such

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forced labor to pay off debts is generally known under the name "corvée," and the peasant, or his wife, or children must go to any place they are sent to, to tug vessels on the river banks, to cut wood in the forests, or to labor in workshops and factories. It is in this way that the old traffic in human bodies and souls of the days of serfdom is continued up to this day, frequently accompanied even with more cruel forms than before.

This evil had become so wide-spread and alarming that at last some government measure became necessary, and all that it did was to limit the so-called hiring of a peasant's labor to a period of five years, without, however, in any way protecting him against the intolerable conditions forced upon him in his hour of distress.

### THE FACTORY LABORER.

When we turn from the condition of the agricultural population to that of the factory laborers we find an equally revolting state of things. Wages in Russia of course vary in different localities and in different kinds of work, but I take as a fair illustration the mining provinces of the Ural, where naturally it might have been expected that wages would be higher than in other provinces. My information is derived from the official accounts of the local zemstvos, or district councils, the most authoritative public bodies in these matters.

Thus, in the factories of the Krasno-Ufinski district the average yearly wages of a workman are 64 roubles, 54 kopecks, or about \$32.00. That of a miner is 53 roubles, 63 kopecks, or about \$26.00. Of workers engaged in the transport of goods about \$43.00; polishers of metals receive on an average \$36.00 yearly. In the Ekateringurgski district, with its 20 large factories, the wages vary from \$1.12 to \$2.00 a week! In some of the ironworks in the same district, notably in the Kamenski, Shaitonski, and Kisilinski, the former receive \$1.12, the workmen 75 cents, and common day laborers from 40 to 75 cents a week. Similar wages are paid in the ironworks of Mariiinski Werkhne-Serginski, Polevsky, Ilinski and others.

Such starvation wages are explained by the fact that in this immense mining and metal works territory, the number of unemployed hands amount to *more than* 50 per cent. of the whole population capable of work! This mass of the unemployed have attempted on numerous occasions to start on their own account what is called Kustarnie Promisli, or home industries, in little workshops, laboring individually, as is the case in other provinces. But the government openly opposes and puts all possible hindrances in the way of the development of such private enterprise, especially where the mines and factories belong to the Crown, the draconic laws having been made with the express purpose of keeping always a large number of workers free, in case they may be needed for the Crown factories. This state of things also suits admirably various private factory-owners, who hold special government concessions.

One case related in a Russian paper will show how the government intentionally and avowedly prevents the unemployed from starting work themselves, in order to make everyone work at starvation wages for their masters. A certain Chirukhin, of the unemployed, was encouraged by a friend, who advanced him money, to open a little workshop of his own, and the happy man petitioned the authorities for a license. His petition went several times the round of the local authorities, and reached the Minister of Crown Domains, whence it was several times returned to the local authorities again. Finally after three years of all kinds of worry and expense, the *uryadnik* summoned Chirukhin and informed him that his petition is refused categorically.

"And how didst thou dare to petition the Minister himself, thou negramotni (illiterate) one?" shouted the official of the local authority, insulting and sneering at the distressed man.

"But I have a wife and six children, and we must all exist somehow."

"Work then in the factory, don't idle."

"But they pay only 25 kopecks (12 cents) a day, besides they employ you frequently only two days a week. How can I live with my family on 50 kopecks (25 cents) a week?"

"I have no time to argue with thee," retorted the *uryadnik*, and Chirukhin was thereupon dismissed.

Thus three years were lost by the poor man in his attempt to get a license to work honestly and earn a livelihood, and the money with which his friend supplied him for the opening of a workshop, was lost too in the numerous stamps and dues, legal and illegal, imposed upon official petitions to the authorities.

While the workers are thus paid starvation wages, or not allowed to work at all, the Crown and private industrial companies receive dividends probably unparalleled anywhere else. Some cases are reported where the dividends amount practically to 400 per cent., namely, where the government has handed over various large works to private contractors.

### AUTOCRACY AT THE ROOT OF ALL EVILS.

The question naturally arises: What is the primary cause of all this terrible poverty and misery of the Russian people, with their frequent and devastating famines and epidemics?

Well, there cannot be the least doubt that this primary cause is not a natural and providential one, to remove which human skill and

energy are of no avail. The country, on the whole, is naturally rich and fertile, with an abundance of primitive woods, lakes, rivers, and inexhaustible but little-explored mineral wealth. The soil and other natural conditions of Finland are far worse than those of Russia, nevertheless the Finns have succeeded in making their country one of the most prosperous and civilized in Europe, combating and conquering nature, preventing or mitigating natural calamities, before which the Russian remains inactive and helpless. Russia, indeed, with her natural riches could be made capable of feeding, clothing, and housing the whole of Europe. The cause of Russia's abject poverty lies first and foremost in the political mismanagement of the country, in the concentration of the whole legislation and administration of the immense empire in the hands of a single irresponsible ruler, who is not only lord and master over his own subjects, but can dictate peace or war to the whole of Europe or Asia. For the Czar of Russia, as the text of the law made by the Czars themselves has it, is a "Samoderzhavni Gosudar," literally a *self-keeping* or autocratic monarch, whose personal will is the supreme law of the country. The highest legislative and administrative institutions of the country are: The Council of State, the Imperial Senate, the Council of Ministers, and the Holy Synod, but all the members of these institutions are appointed by the Czar himself, and all their decisions have no force until approved by the Czar, who can and does reverse them in the interests of the throne or dynasty, or simply from his own whim of the moment. Of the reality of the autocratic power of the Czar, Russian history presents only too many illustrations. For instance, Nicholas I. threatened France with war because a theatrical piece produced on a Parisian stage depicted Catherine II. as a woman of bad morals, which, as all the world knows, was only too true. Napoleon III. only prevented the recall of the Russian ambassador by buying up or confiscating all the copies of the incriminating play within the twenty-four hours allotted to him, and by succeeding in stopping the performances, though he had no constitutional right to do so. The present Czar, the peace-loving Nicholas II., by one stroke of the pen abolished the ancient constitution of Finland, and levels blow upon blow on that once happy, prosperous, highly civilized, and most loyal people.

In various cases he has personally by his own will reversed the course of justice, such as it is in Russia, in the interests of personal connections and favorites. Thus, for instance, an action was brought against the Princess Imaretinsky by her late husband's heirs. The princess privately petitioned his Majesty to intervene on her behalf, and he ordered the plaintiffs to be non-suited, against the decision of the law. Similarly, in a case when the Tula Bank was charged with the sale of the estates of a bankrupt to satisfy the claims of creditors, the Czar interfered, issued a personal order stopping the sale and suspending the operation of the law. Again, in another case some noblemen sold their estates to merchants; the transactions were properly carried out, and legally ratified. But Czar Nicholas II. by his own power, cancelled the deed of sale, and ordered the money and the estates to be returned to their previous owners. Such instances of the Czar's autocratic interference with the course of justice might easily be multiplied.

The interests of the autocracy and those of the nation at large naturally and of necessity clash at every step and every moment, and could never be reconciled. The Czar takes an annual salary for himself of \$12,500,000, the highest of any other monarch in the world, and I use the expression *he takes* deliberately, for there is no one, no law or institution in Russia that could veto the assignment by the Czar to himself of any sum he is pleased to name. Besides this enormous revenue, he derives yet another annual income from his private estates and mines, the latter being worked by common and political convicts. Altogether, according to the authoritative French "Almanack Hachette," the Czar enjoys an annual income of more than \$40,000,000. But, independent of the Czar's personal property and revenue, there is in addition the property of the house of Romanoff, which owns no fewer than 32,000,000 acres of land in different parts of the empire, yielding an annual revenue of \$10,000,000. This sum goes for the support of the grand dukes and duchesses, who number forty-six, many of whom draw yet other incomes from private sources, or from various positions occupied in the army and navy or in the general administration, positions which of course are mostly sinecures.

Russian autocracy is therefore not only a political form of government, but a tremendously paying concern for the autocrat himself and all his relations. The evils of this system, absorbing 32 million acres of the best land, and some fifty-five million dollars in cash annually for the support of the imperial family alone, would form by themselves a crushing burden on the resources of the impoverished country. But the fact is that in order to maintain and protect the wealth and other prerogatives of the imperial family, and to exact from the people due obedience and taxes, a number of auxiliary institutions are absolutely necessary, which weigh upon the nation with such force, and cause it such incalculable economic losses, either direct or indirect, that in comparison the expenditure on the imperial family alone becomes insignificantly small. I speak of the army with its compulsory conscription, of the enormous institution of the gendarmerie and secret police, spread like a spider's web not only over the length and breadth of the Russian empire, but all over the world where Russians are found in any

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number; of the passport system, hindering free movement and too frequently implying loss of time and opportunity, in addition to the direct expense for the acquisition of the precious document. I speak of the press censorship, which prevents crying abuses and numberless grievances from ever being brought to light, thus rendering their redress impossible; of religious intolerance and persecution even to death of millions of dissenters from the Established Church and of other Non-conformists; of that systematically protected and shielded official corruption, which at every opportunity exacts from the helpless citizen along with the legal due an illegal bribe. And, finally, I speak of the deliberate keeping in check of popular education, which has a direct and vital influence upon the economic productiveness of the Russian laborer, which is, as investigations show, frequently fully 50 per cent. and even 60 per cent. below that of the English and American laborer respectively.

The constant watchfulness over the interests and inviolability of the autocracy is the supreme function of the government appointed by the autocracy itself, and inevitably stands in the way of any individual or public effort to improve the moral or material condition of the people. A couple of cases which occurred quite recently will suffice as illustrations.

It is well-known that agriculture in Russia stands on a very low level of development, in spite of its being the chief occupation of more than 81 per cent. of the whole population. Last autumn the Saartoff zemstvo (rural board) assigned a certain sum of money in aid of a course of popular agricultural lectures projected by the Maryinski School of Agriculture. To lecture publicly in Russia, even on the phases of the moon, or on antediluvian reptiles, a formal permission of the police must first be obtained, for which purpose the MS. of the lecturer must be submitted, and various other inquiries and formalities gone through, sufficient to cool down the ardor of any lecturer. The petition of the Maryinski School of Agriculture for permission of the winter course of popular lectures passed from department to department, each of them finding the responsibility too great, and passing on the petition to a higher department. At last the petition ascended to the footstool of the Ministry of Interior Affairs in St. Petersburg, which finally interdicted the projected course of lectures on the ground that in the present disturbed state of the minds of the peasants, it was dangerous to have the inhabitants of various villages congregate systematically in one particular place.

Another case is equally worth recording. During the last great famine in Russia, when thousands of people in numerous provinces were literally dying from starvation, Count Tolstoy, assisted by a number of voluntary workers opened soup-kitchens in many villages, but the authorities objected solely on the ground that Tolstoy and his liberal-minded friends would thus come in closer contact with the people, a thing undesirable and even dangerous for the interests of the autocracy and the Established Church. When Tolstoy insisted on his inalienable divine, human, or even political right to feed the hungry, pointing out that there is no Russian law forbidding purely Christian charity, the police hastened at once to prove to him that Russian autocracy is a law unto itself, and prohibited the peasants from going for relief to the dangerous dining-rooms. Moreover, to ensure compliance with their orders, the police broke into the dining-rooms, smashed the tables on which the dinners were served, and literally snatched away morsels of bread from the hungry people demanding unmurmuring obedience to the orders of the superior authorities.

### CONSCRIPTION, AND WHAT IT MEANS.

Space will not allow me to develop more fully the effects upon national morality and economic prosperity of the other evils mentioned before, but a word must be said of that of the conscription system fraught with most disastrous consequences, again to a greater degree by the indirect losses it causes to the people, than by the direct expenditure on the army and navy.

This expenditure was estimated for 1903 at the enormous sum of 445,555,047 roubles, which is, by the way, nearly 12 times more than the expenditure for the whole national education of the empire (39,214,985) and roughly speaking, about 65 times more than the sum spent on primary education alone, *i. e.* for the people's elementary schools, as distinct from universities, colleges, and other higher establishments inaccessible to the people at large. But, as I said, the conscription system causes incalculable losses to the people in many indirect ways, owing to their general state of ignorance and illiteracy.

Every year at the recruiting period, usually beginning from October, about a million young men who have reached the age of 21, have to appear at the recruiting offices, draw a lot, be medically examined, and either be enlisted in the army, or sent back home, fully discharged in case of unfitness, or else have to remain in reserve until called out again. On an average about say 300,000 new recruits are actually added annually to the army, but the recruiting process upsets the whole agricultural population for many months. A Russian village lad of 20, unable to read or write, who had probably never left his native place, is a more helpless, forlorn creature than an average English boy of eight, who is already a little independent citizen able to find his way about and needing little outside protection. The Russian boy of 20 must be *taken* to the recruiting station frequently hun-

dreds of miles away, by his parents or relatives, equally ignorant and illiterate, who, for fear of arriving too late, or in the hope of getting some advice how to free their charge from military service altogether, will start for their destination weeks beforehand. In the recruiting town they will wander about miserable and forlorn and become the easy prey of the many swindlers whose profession it is to make the best use of the rustic in this his hour of distress by promising to bribe the officials or the doctors, or offering to perform an operation on the lad, such as the cutting off the right thumb, blinding one eye, etc., which would put him among the number of the "zabrovannuikh," or the unfit ones. These recruiting scenes with their tragedies, morals, and humors are so familiar in Russia that they have long since become the subjects for pictures by famous artists, or of sensational trials in the criminal courts, where doctors, officials, and intermediaries are charged with bribery, or with mutilation of the recruits for the sake of obtaining their discharge.

It will now be better understood what I call the indirect losses caused systematically every year to the population of Russia by conscription, upsetting the whole country as it does for weeks and months, and causing the already impoverished people to waste their last savings, with the only result that their sons are taken away from them for years of military service, and then returned either maimed bodily, or corrupt morally, as numerous villages infected by certain diseases spread by returned soldiers amply bear witness to.

I have given but a slight idea of the evil of Russian militarism with its accompanying evil results. The same may be said of the other evils mentioned, each of which inevitably produces a series of disastrous moral and economic effects which the authors of the primary evil are powerless to prevent, though they may desire to do so. To whatever other aspect of Russian life one may turn, the picture will be found equally gloomy and hopeless, as long as the system of the irresponsible autocracy continues to exist. Of the modern condition of Russia it may be truly said in the words of the prophet Isaiah: "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores."

### THE PICTURE NEVER CHANGES.

For the last half-century, during which the peoples of Western Europe have so much advanced in mental and material welfare, the condition of the Russian people continues to remain the same, nay, in many respects even becoming worse. Half a century ago the poet Nekrasoff gave us the following heartrending picture of Russia, and the press-censor sanctioned it for publication as not likely to produce any evil effect upon the general reader so familiar with it in everyday life:

"My Native Land! dost thou know any dwelling, canst thou find any corner where thy Tiller and thy Sower, the Russian mouzhik, is not moaning? In the fields and along the roads; in prisons and dungeons; at the mines in fetters of iron; by the side of stacks and of barns; under the waggon his shelter at night in the steppes—the air is everywhere filled with groaning. Groaning in hovels, cursing even the sunlight, groaning before the palaces of justice, and buffeted at the entrance of mansions, groaning in town and village. Hark, there on the Volga, what sound of woe is floating over the mighty Russian river? They call it a song, the chant of the Bourlaki (workmen) dragging the boats along. Volga, O Volga! in the spring abundant with water, thou dost not so overflow the fields as the swelling flood of our nation's sorrow inundates the land. O, my heart! what is the meaning of this endless agony? Wilt thou, my Fatherland, ever awaken full of strength; or, yielding to Heaven's mysterious law, hast thou already fulfilled thy destiny in singing thy dirge, and in falling asleep for ever?"

In our own time the well-known Russian journalist and traveller, M. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, at present war correspondent with the Russian army in Manchuria, writes in the following strain of what he saw and felt during his wanderings through the Volga, Kama, and Ural provinces, and again the press-censor sanctioned the publication of his impressions as not likely to do any harm to the paternal government:

"Large numbers of people are dying of hunger. If my wanderings impressed me with a vivid notion of Russia's immensity, they completely shattered my notions of her abundance."

"It is scandalous that St. Petersburg should refuse to take these things to heart. Russia might be ruined for all St. Petersburg cares, whose sole concern is that the tax-paying capacities of the masses should suffice for the support of the educated and governing classes; but at the price of what bloody sweat these taxes are earned, it recks not one jot. . . . Suffering, tortured, ruined people! Who will stand up for you? It seems as if there were no crawling thing that does not feed upon you! My conception of Russia is that of a huge giant put to sleep by magic spells; every unclean and slimy thing has meanwhile crept upon him, every species of vermin is continuously gnawing him without satisfying its greed; lichens are on him, and mosses have grown over him. His body is stretched out upon the ground, and a forest has grown up around him, and in the forest God's light is absent; darkness alone prevails."

Such is the never-changing picture of Russia as drawn by two of her famous sons!

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KHILKOFF IN EXILE IN THE CAUCASUS.

### Prince Khilkoff, a Russian Revolutionist



NE of the Russian revolutionary periodicals has published a secret decree, issued by the Russian Ministry of the Interior, and ordering the chiefs of the provincial gendarmerie and vigilance departments to be on the look out for Prince Dmitri Alexandrovitch Khilkoff, who, it is stated, has joined the radical wing of the Russian revolutionaries, and is soon to leave his present place of residence for Russia, there to organize among the peasantry so-called "Fighting Bands." The decree goes on to say that "as a starting basis for operations the emissaries are to make use of the wide connections existing between various religious sectarian bodies and Prince Dmitri Alexandrovitch Khilkoff. The same Khilkoff was once a follower of the false teachings of Count Tolstoy, but he has now joined the party of the Socialists-Revolutionists and asserts that the sectarians have long since become under governmental oppression active revolutionists. He alleges that he has wide connections with the sectarians in Rostoff-on-the-Don, in the Caucasus, in the governments of Kursk, Kharkoff, Poltava and Tamboff, in all the Volga provinces, and in many other places. Khilkoff alleges that on leaving Russia he never ceased to maintain his relations with them, communicating with them always either in the ordinary way, or through secret transport agents through whom he supplied them with seditious literature, and in his conviction they are now ready as active revolutionists-terrorists. The plan worked out is as follows: on their arrival in Russia the emissaries must settle in the indicated regions in the capacity of builders, house-painters, and other kinds of manual laborers entering into communication with certain local peasants by the aid of whom bands are to be organized with the object of taking possession of the property of the land-owners, killing the latter and their managers, pillaging and setting on fire the estates, so as to call forth a general rising of the peasants and create a widespread agrarian terror."

Prince Khilkoff is one of the most interesting personalities among the Russian revolutionaries. Some years ago, under the influence of the Doukhobortsy teaching and practice, and also of Tolstoy, he resigned his commission in the Russian army, gave away his land to the peasants, abandoned the Russian Established Church, and was exiled to the Caucasus, being afterwards permitted to leave Russia without right of return. His two children, Boris and Olga, were forcibly taken away from him in 1893, by order of the Czar, to be baptised and brought up in the Greek Orthodox Church, and they are to this day in St. Petersburg with their grandmother, who is a member of the Russian Church.

After Khilkoff had given away his land to the peasants, he lived in a cottage at Pavlovka. In 1901 the non-conformist peasants of this village made a desperate attempt to demolish the local government vodka shop and Established Church, for which 68 men and women condemned to an aggregate of 518 years convict labor in Siberia.

## The Internal Condition of Russia

Catherine Breschkovsky in *New York Independent*



WENTY years ago the intelligent and kindly American George Kennan visited me in my dilapidated cabin in Selenginsk, where I was a political Siberian prisoner. He plied me with questions, and as he listened to my replies his eyes assumed a wistful and distant gaze, as if he were mentally comparing what he had left in his own country, America, proud of its freedom and culture, with what he beheld amid the Siberian deserts, where the best men and women were languishing, deprived of all rights, in poverty and in dire captivity. I remember his saying to one of my comrades, Shamarin, exiled, without trial, by arbitrary administrative process: "I cannot imagine myself in your place. To be exiled without trial and disposed of arbitrarily without any right on the side of the perpetrators! I could not endure it! I should either escape or send a bullet through my brain!" But the Russian revolutionist said to himself: "If I fail to escape I must survive my captivity in order to rush again into the struggle with the enemy, the Russian government."

When Kennan traversed Siberia, from the Ural to the ghastly Kara, he saw in the towns and villages the flower of the Russian cultured society, tortured in prisons; children of nobles, high functionaries and the clergy, students of universities, parted from families and business, dauntlessly facing death at the hands of the imperial administration. Sophie Leshern, Nathalie Armfeld, Weimar, Rogachev and many others no less glorious perished one by one, disdaining all compromises and amnesty offered by the Czar to any one willing to recant. These great souls knew that all Russia would follow their footsteps for the sake of whose liberation they had resigned all that adorns human life. They piously guarded the purity of their teachings and embraced the slow torments of death rather than betray their convictions.

Our great hopes are coming true. Twenty years passed and Russia is unrecognizable. Her entire complexion is changed. The blood shed by her best children, drop by drop, entered the veins of the Russian people, inciting them to a struggle for their rights. In Siberia one can see the nucleus of educated men and women surrounded by hundreds, thousands of people, laborers and peasants, of all nationalities within the boundaries of the empire. From every part of Russia thousands are exiled to Siberia, to the White Sea. In the province of Archangelsk alone there are 2,000 political exiles. In Vologda, Viatka, Olonetz, 4,000. And how many in Siberia, in prisons! Ten thousand of the most public spirited citizens are annually deprived of their liberty, imprisoned, banished, placed under police surveillance, forbidden to participate in any social or public work.

But in spite of the autocrat's rule, the Russians have the opportunity, thanks to the proximity of European nations, to study, to observe, to compare their conditions with those of Europe. High was the price paid by Russia for her awakening and development. Now we Russians proudly and rejoicingly take the hand of the cultured and free, and solemnly guarantee our ability to fill an honorable place among civilized nations. The hour has struck. The thick cloud of gloom dispersed and Russia beheld the light. Through the whizz of bullets slaying our brothers in the Far East, through the haze of the orthodox incense burned before the orthodox ikons, the people hear the call to progress and note the stages to be passed on the way to honor, freedom and, ultimately, to socialism.

On returning from Siberia, after twenty-two years' captivity, I left behind me many graves of dear comrades, many friends ruined by disease and destitution. It was hard and painful to leave them in solitude, in appalling circumstances. But my heart was drawn toward Russia, where struggle was possible; where one could espouse the cause of the downtrodden and rally new cohorts of courageous men ready to offer their lives for the deliverance of their country. In 1896 I crossed the Urals and at once began to search for old comrades and to make the acquaintance of new converts. I found the leaders of public activity engaged in the arduous task of enlightening the masses. The work itself was not so difficult, but the obstacles placed in its way were well nigh insurmountable.

The revolutionary movement of the eighties was eradicated by the tyranny of Alexander III. I shall not enlarge on the gloomy, ferocious reign of this stolid and heartless man. Enough to say that his cruelty and stupidity were so great that, thanks to these, the peasant, accustomed to regard the Czar as his sole hope for a brighter future, became sorely disappointed in the traditional "Czar-father," and began to look for a solution of his grief in a more real force, his own consciousness. No better than Alexander loomed up his successor, Nicholas II. When I returned from Siberia the nation had already had the pleasure and consolation of hearing the wise words of the crowned head uttered before a deputation of zemstvos that expressed a wish to participate in the management of the affairs of the State. The gallant young emperor stamped his royal foot and exclaimed: "These are senseless dreams!"

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In spite of this men could not sit idle, and endeavored to utilize their powers; they brought to the people whatever they could, educational literature, schools, lectures, medical help and bread during acute failures of crops, when whole provinces, tens of provinces, millions of peasants, starved and lacked grain for sowing seed. This intimacy between the cultured classes and the masses soon attracted the attention of the autocracy, excited its fears, and, one after the other, the government suspended the best publications of popular books, instituted searches in their selling places, arrested and placed under police surveillance persons engaged in the work. Thus perished the excellent publishing firm of Mme. Kalmikova in St. Petersburg, that of the Murinovs in Moscow, and many others in various cities. Entire book stores of the zemstvos were shut down. Soon the Agricultural Economical Society of St. Petersburg, which had existed from the time of Catherine II, was dissolved; it also proved too liberal for the reign of Nicholas II. Our best pedagogues, Bunakov, Vachterov and others, were subjected to the most ferocious persecutions. They were prohibited to lecture and instruct. Their schools were closed, and the best teachers were suspended without the right of teaching anywhere. But the suppression of education proved inadequate. Kindly and philanthropic people among the cultured did their best to allay the pangs of famine, procuring work and food for the destitute and establishing hospitals for the sick. The government was seized with fear lest the peasants and workers, thus coming in close touch with the upper classes, might learn to know their real friends and well-wishers, might acquire from them a correct estimate of the situation, understand the cause of their griefs, and might conceive a desire to remove this cause. So Nicholas ordered all private free restaurants and relief stations shut down, decreeing all moneys donated for the needy to be handed over to the several governors. By the ukases of 1890 and 1900 all private initiative in organizing aid to the poor is declared a crime. But as the glaring dishonesty of the Czar's functionaries, from the Ministers down to the meanest policemen, are notorious, it is not to be wondered at that the donations were discontinued and the people were left helpless in the throes of famine and disease. Finally the keen eye of autocracy observed that in spite of the impediments to education the schools in villages multiplied and literacy was on the increase. These were due to the zemstvos, which, having the legal right to do so, considered it their duty to spend a portion of the people's money for the education of the peasant's children, and gradually opened schools, little supplied with means, but affording an opportunity to learn to read and write. Seeing which the Secretary of the Interior, M. Sipiagin (assassinated by Stephen Balmashov), without further ado, assumed the control of the zemstvo expenditures and published a circular law limiting the revenues of the zemstvos. Nicholas II publicly announced his displeasure at the growth of zemstvo schools by personally making the following note on the report of a Southern zemstvo about popular education:

"Less zeal in this direction!"

When, after the cholera disturbances of 1891, and again after the plague of 1900, the physicians of the zemstvos asked permission to read popular lectures to the people about contagious and infectious diseases and explain their causes, in order to prevent epidemics, such permission was flatly refused, and the discouraged physicians were restricted to the fruitless treatment by drugs of a people totally ignorant of the principles of hygiene. In brief, persecution of everybody and everything capable of bringing a ray of light into the million-headed peasantry constitutes the main concern and occupation of the imperial government.

Again, seeing that truly enlightened men would not consent to keep the people in dense ignorance, Nicholas II instituted limitations in the higher schools of learning. Students were forbidden to meet, to discuss academic matters, to govern their own affairs, to have joint readings or debates. It was prescribed to the professors to watch over the students and report to the police. The students, of course, disobeyed the injunctions, and hundreds of them, entire classes, were expelled from colleges and universities. The best Russian professors, refusing to become accessory to the police, had to leave their scientific labors. Such were Erisan, Milinkov, Tugan-Baranovsky and others. There remained only the men distinguished, not for learning, but for servility to the administration. This still further aroused the indignation of the university youth, who demanded the removal of the unworthy instructors and the return of the respected preceptors. The answer to this is known to the world. Two hundred students of the University of Kiev, which showed the highest spirit of manliness, were drafted forcibly into the army and distributed in various regiments. Society was insulted and indignant. Petitions were signed by multitudes and addressed to the Czar. The petitions were ignored, and only after Karpovitch had fired his shot that killed the Minister of Education, Bogoliopov, who had sanctioned the Czar's preposterous measure, were the students allowed to leave the army, and those who were considered politically "reliable" were re-admitted to the schools. Of course the concession was only momentary. Autocracy endeavors to crush everything capable of raising a hand in self-defense. After the death of Bogoliopov the Czar called to the Ministry of the Interior M. Sipiagin, a man of rude and malicious character, a man who did not speak to his subordinates, but growled like a chained dog. The Czar commissioned him to wipe out the "internal enemy," i. e., the Socialist



CATHERINE BRESCHKOVSKY

Courtesy of New York *Independent*

Revolutionists, as well as other radical and liberal elements. Russia became the theater of a dreadful crusade against everything "politically unreliable." Prisons were overfilled, whole provinces were subjected to the rule of the "State safeguard"—secret police. Peasants and laborers were flogged for strikes, meetings, demonstrations; the intelligent youth were beaten and crippled on the public squares, in the police stations. Kleigels, Von Wahl, Obolensky, these perverted demons chastised the populace after their own heart, broke into houses of peaceable citizens at night, arrested, exiled. Even functionaries were outraged by the inhuman treatment of them, and no wonder that Russia was elated when this wicked man was cut down by the hand of Stephen Balmashov. But Nicholas II called to his council the generals of the gendarmes, embraced them publicly and said: "You are my hope of deliverance; my coffers are open to you—only annihilate treason in the empire." This council and the words were minutely reported in the official publications. The corps of gendarmes and their salaries were doubled. After that the portfolio of the Interior was given to Von Plehve, an old imperial servant, the same Plehve who as far back as the eighties distinguished himself by executions of revolutionists, who buried scores of them in the grim fortress of Schlisselburg; the same Plehve who robbed Finland of her freedom, of her sanctioned constitution; the same Plehve who subsequently instigated the Kishinev massacre, who helped Nicholas to plunge his country into the pernicious war with Japan.

The career of this tyrant is known to the entire world and how the hand of Sazonov brought his cruel career to its close.

But what were doing in the meantime the people to whom the honor and well being of their country was dear? Catherine Breschkovsky crossed and re-crossed the broad land, studied the situation, picked a number of comrades and agreed upon a mode of action. They worked out a political and economical platform suitable to the requirements of the country and began to form groups all over Russia with the aim of writing, printing and spreading among the people those truths which have been withheld but have been vaguely felt by the people. We, the Socialist Revolutionists, began, orally and in print, to preach our Socialist propaganda before the workers and peasants, making it clear to them that so long as the imperial yoke rested on the country no political or economical betterment was possible. This time our success was easily assured; the majority of young peasants and workers could read and write, and the recent events resulting in the grief and ruin of the population had taught them to think and to search for a solution of their troubles. Faith in the Czar had been very much shaken. Deceived in their hopes of royal benevolence, the people eagerly heard the words of men understanding the people's interests, pointing out ways of deliverance. The more we were encouraged by

## THE COMRADE

the attention of the people the more zealously we worked, the greater grew our numbers.

Our groups and committees collected funds, founded secret printing rooms, acquired storage places for "illegal" literature, organized its systematic distribution and formed personal connections with peasants and workmen. Every social revolutionary book, pamphlet, leaflet was read by hundreds, by thousands; we could not provide enough for them, for those demanding "truthful books," as the peasants called them. The intelligent youth, seeing the demand for their activity, joined the secret organizations as if they were pleasure clubs, and neither arrests nor imprisonment could deter them. In 1900 the first Socialist periodical for peasants appeared. Although the Social-Democrats had their organizations in Russia, they considered the Socialist propaganda feasible only among factory and mill hands, on the plea that the peasants were too backward to be susceptible to the Socialist teachings. But the party of the Socialist Revolutionaries, definitely formed in 1900, had always insisted on the possibility and desirability of such propaganda among the peasants, who until this day still regard land as essentially common property. Four years of intense, arduous work elapsed. Begun in three or four spots in the vast empire, the work has spread over the face of the entire country, and now there is not a province where our groups are not found or whose population is not

to some extent familiar with our activity and literature. Long ago has the demand for "illegal" printed matter exceeded the output of the small secret printeries, and we have had to publish a large newspaper, a magazine, and a mass of popular works. The work on such a large scale could only be performed abroad. The printed matter, at the risk of life, at great financial cost, is transported across the frontier under the bullets of the Czar's gendarmes. Many lives have been lost in this enterprise; still more perished in prisons and exile; but the work, far from slackening, grows more vigorous every day. Formerly we imported into Russia hundreds of pounds, now we are sending tons of books and pamphlets, and there is still a great dearth of them, for a great deal is needed by a hundred million laborers and peasants. In addition we suffer from the raids of gendarmes, police, detectives and spies, who scour villages and towns, make nocturnal invasions of private houses, searching for prohibited books.

Workmen and peasants begin themselves to write and print proclamations, to organize brotherhoods and unions. They turn out in masses at political demonstrations; they shout: "Down with autocracy! Long live the Social Revolution!" They go further than that. At demonstrations they appear armed in order to defend themselves against the attacks of the police and Cossacks. They are familiar with the names of the hero-martyrs Karpowich, Balmashov, Gershuni, Sazonov.



ROLL CALL IN THE YARD OF THE CONVOY-STATION



IN A SIBERIAN PRISON

## Marching Through Siberia

By Leo Deutsch



THE real hardships of the journey now began for the "politicals." From Moscow to Tomsk, over three thousand miles, the conditions of travelling had been more or less European; but henceforward we were to go entirely by road, crawling from one halting-station to another by short stages. In the terrible Siberian cold, in the glowing heat of summer, in all weather, without regard to the fitness or unfitness of the road, parties of a hundred prisoners are despatched regularly from Tomsk on fixed days of the week, parties which consist alternately of men only, and of families—men, women, and children. The day's march is a stage of from sixteen to twenty miles, and every third day is a rest. At this tortoise-like pace—on an average about thirteen miles a day—the long wandering lasts for many weeks and months, under the most wretched conditions of life.

In the damp rooms of the convoy-stations, the air of which is loaded with every evil odor imaginable, the convicts lie squeezed together on the bare boards of the two sloping wooden shelves, one above the other, which do duty for bed-places. These invariably swarm with myriads of parasites; sleep is probably impossible for half the night, and early in the morning the prisoners are driven forth to begin afresh the weary march. Long before sunrise the criminal contingent will be standing drawn up in the yard, to wait there in the cold until the roll is called, and at last the signal to start is given. At the head of the procession march the older criminals, seasoned rascals most of them, the "Ivans." The majority of them have trodden this path more than once already, and know every brook and copse on the way. They go at a quick pace, in serried ranks, and easily do their four miles an hour, or even more. Behind them the other criminals straggle painfully along in irregular groups separated by long stretches of road. Then come the carts with the sick and exhausted and the baggage; and lastly, the "politicals" in the rear, two or three together in each one-horse cart, under the charge of their special escort.

This strange procession extends itself along the road for about three-quarters of a mile, and raises a cloud of dust, from which we in the rearguard have most to suffer. To add to our woes there is the special scourge of those regions, the Siberian midge. Swarms of those terrible little creatures kept us company, not only attacking our hands and faces, and getting into mouth, nose, ears, and eyes, but inserting themselves beneath our clothing, and inflicting tortures of irritation. The only—and even these inefficient—means of protection are nets of horsehair, with which we had taken care to provide ourselves.

After the first ten miles or so there is a halt in some woodland clearing, or by a spring or stream. The criminals here break their fast, usually only on dry bread, and perhaps some of them have not even that. Their feeding is managed in this way: each man receives daily five to twelve kopecks, according to the locality through which they are passing (where prices depend on the result of the last harvest), and also according to the "rank" of the prisoner, for even here there are class distinctions and privileges. This allowance is only under the most favourable circumstances sufficient to satisfy hunger; it covers, at a pinch the cost of bread, tea, and a few vegetables. But gambling is so deeply rooted a passion among the criminal prisoners that they will stake their last coin, and he who loses everything has to go hungry. His only resource then is to beg; and whenever we passed through a village some of the most destitute always went begging, under the soldiers' supervision. They would station themselves before a hut and start a pitiful song, when the Siberian women would throw out pieces of bread to them. Travelers, too, whom we met would give them alms, and these gifts are shared among the whole party, for the criminals too had their *artel*, or union.

After the short rest the party would set out again in the same marching order, and try to reach the halting-station before the noonday heat began. As soon as they arrived at the station the advance party would crowd round the door, ready to rush in directly it was opened;

## THE COMRADE



THE DESERTERS



RETURNING FROM THE WAR



AT WARSAW

*L'Assiette au Beurre*

and then would begin the battle for the best sleeping-places, the weaker being thrust aside or trampled down by the stronger. At our first sight of this mad fighting and struggling among some hundred men in a narrow space we thought they would kill each other, but generally the wild tumult of blows, kicks, and curses did not result in anything serious. Of course the "Ivans" came off triumphant, having secured the best places for themselves, while the old and weak had to be content with the worst corners. The crowding, dirt, stench, and noise made these prisons veritable hells on earth.

The halting-stations were usually tumbledown, one-storied buildings made of rough-hewn tree-trunks, and were divided inside by passages into two, three, or four rooms. Near this prison building would be a house for the officer in command and another for the soldiers, the whole enclosed by a stockade of posts about fifteen feet high, closely fitted together, and pointed at their upper ends. There are two classes of halting stations—larger ones, where the days of rest are spent, and where an officer is always in residence, and smaller ones, which are only used as lodging for one night.

When the question of places had been settled the prisoners would all come into the yard. Here there were generally market-women with their wares spread out, and a regular bargaining would ensue. Of course, the convicts were always ready to cheat the women and steal from them, and the latter would then raise loud cries of lamentation;

as, however, in such cases the convicts all stuck together like one man, no inquiry could ever elicit any evidence in favour of the complainants.

Washing and cooking also went on in the yard, a big fire being kindled in the middle of it; and no one ever thought of danger to the wooden buildings and stockade.

The "politics" were given a separate room, and our first task on arrival was always to screen off a part with sheets and rugs to make a place for our ladies. The position of these poor women, obliged to camp out in such close proximity to us men, was in many ways very uncomfortable, especially as soldiers were often quartered with us; but we did our best to spare them any unpleasantness that could be avoided.

For some of our party the greatest hardship of our long journey was the early rising; they needed sleep beyond everything, and from force of habit could not get it early in the night. As the ordinary criminals liked early hours—and the earlier the better—there were often disputes between us on the subject. We usually arranged the evening before with the officer of the convoy, and also with the headman of the ordinary convicts, and appointed 6 A. M. as the hour for starting; but once we had a regular battle on this point. We "politics" seldom made use of the courtyard until the criminals were shut up for the night; there was no room for us till then, and it was therefore only toward nightfall that we could get out into the open air.

*From "Sixteen Years in Siberia"*

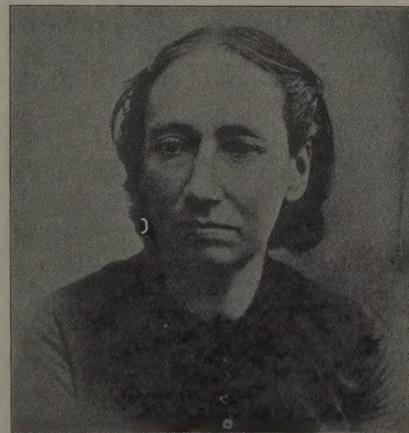
### "Good Louise."

Louise Michel, one of the bravest fighters of the Paris Commune, died at Marseille, France, on January 9.

A more courageous woman than Louise Michel never faced a tribunal. She hurled defiance into the faces of the judges to whom the unspeakable Thiers had intrusted the task of sending to execution, exile and prison those of the noble band of Commune fighters whom the sabres and rifles of the bloodthirsty mercenaries of the bourgeoisie had spared. She was the very embodiment of the revolutionary spirit of the proletariat, the very personification of "Revolution" crying out defiantly

You see me only in your cells; ye  
see me only in the grave;  
Ye see me only wandering lone, be-  
side the exile's sullen wave —  
Ye fools! Do I not also live where  
you have tried to pierce in vain?  
Rests not a nook for me to dwell in  
every heart and every brain?

Boldly she declared herself ready to bear the consequences of her participation in the struggle of the proletariat of Paris against the exploit-



LOUISE MICHEL

ing classes of France. "If every heart that beats for freedom is entitled to powder and lead, then let me have my share. If you let me live, I shall never tire to call for revenge for our brothers that have fallen." These were her words before the tribunal.

During the days of the Commune Louise Michel was everywhere. She organized women leagues to support the revolutionary uprising, to nurse the wounded, distribute food, and look after the children. When the hordes of Thiers overwhelmed the city, she hurried to the barricades and fought like a man. She was taken captive and after a long trial they sent her to New Caledonia, where she lived until 1880, when a general amnesty made it possible for her and all other Communards to return to France.

In 1883 she was condemned to five years imprisonment because she had told the hungry workers to take bread wherever they could find it.

Her unselfishness and kindness equalled her courage. She was always ready to help and was never happy until her last sou was spent on some unfortunate proletaire.

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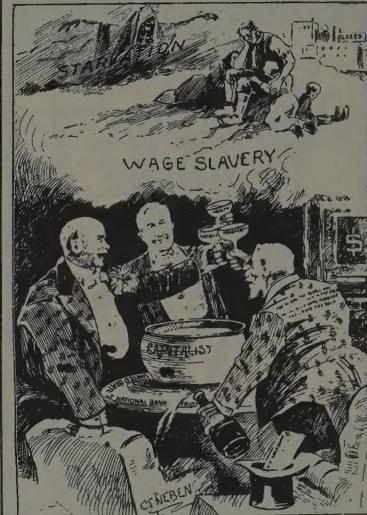
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